SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NO. 3
MARCH

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IT'S TRUE I BOUGHT THE LAST MAD ON THE NEWSSTAND, BUT THEY STILL HAVE A COPY OF PANIC WHICH IS PRACTICALLY THE SAME AS MAD!

HOWEVER, IF PANIC ISN'T AVAILABLE EITHER, WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE? SEND MONEY TO US:

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BLACKBEARD

IT BEGAN AS IT WAS TO END...WITH LAUGHTER. THE TWO MEN STOOD IN THEIR RIBBONS AND LACE AMID THE RUM-LADEN ATMOSPHERE WHICH SEEMED TO SWIRL IN RHYTHM WITH THE RAUCOUS HOWLS OF DELIGHT ECHOING OFF THE SMOKE-BLACKENED RAFTERS. FOR THIS WAS *TORTUGA*, THE SAFE HAVEN OF THE *BROTHERHOOD OF BUCCANEERS*. HERE, BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE WAS MASTER, AND THE MASTER LAUGHED AT THESE COMICAL FOPS, STEDE BONNET AND JUAN RUIZ, WHO HAD DARED TO SEEK HIM OUT...

THE BOOMING LAUGHTER ERUPTING FROM THE PIRATE LEADER DIED. HE FLUNG THE WENCH ON HIS KNEE ASIDE AND STOOD UP, SCOWLING...

STEDE BONNET GRIMACED AND LIFTED A HALF-FILLED MUG OF RUM FROM THE OAKEN TABLE AS BLACKBEARD CONTINUED...

JUAN RUIZ, STEDE BONNET'S LIEUTENANT, MOVED IN AN ATTEMPT TO STOP HIS CAPTAIN...

SEÑOR! NO! THIS AMBITION WHICH DRIVES YOU...IT CAN ALSO KILL YOU!

PERHAPS! WE SHALL SEE, RUIZ! LET US DECIDE WHO IS THE MAN, BLACKBEARD. MY LIFE...AGAINST A PLACE IN YOUR FLEET!

THE ELEGANTLY-DRESSED BONNET FLUNG THE CONTENTS OF THE RUM MUG IN BLACKBEARD'S STARTLED FACE...

BLACKBEARD GLOWERED, THEN REACHED FOR THE CANDLE HOLDER, SNATCHING A LIGHTED TAPER. HIS MEN BACKED AWAY, THEIR LAUGHTER AND CHATTER FADING...

YOU DARE!? SO BE IT, THEN! YOU WILL DIE, WHELP... WITH A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOUR WAY TO HADES!

A FAT MERCHANTMAN MAY BE FRIGHTENED BY YOUR CANDLES, BRAGGART ... BUT NOT STEDE BONNET! PERHAPS YOU WILL BE THE ONE TO BE SCORCHED...

THERE WAS SILENCE, THEN... SILENCE WHILE HORNY FINGERS BOUND FAST THE GUTTERING WAX WHICH WAS BLACKBEARD'S MARK IN BATTLE. THEN, CUTLASSES GLINTED AS THEY WERE DRAWN...

I WAS TAUGHT SWORDPLAY BY A MASTER, SCUM...BEFORE I CUT HIS HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS AS I SHALL CUT YOURS FROM YOUR SHOULDERS!

THE BATTLE BEGAN. THE LUNGE...THE PARRY...THE SINGING VOICE OF STEEL AGAINST STEEL...

MY HEAD IS NOT SO EASILY SEPARATED FROM MY BODY, BLACKBEARD. I HAVE NEED OF IT. AND I, TOO, HAVE STUDIED SWORDPLAY...IN ITALY...WHERE I LEARNED...

AS BLACKBEARD LUNGED AGAIN, BONNET BROUGHT THE HILT OF HIS CUTLASS DOWN HARD ON BLACKBEARD'S WRIST, KNOCKING THE SWORD FROM HIS HAND...

...THIS! THE PARRY MORTE! THE PARRY OF DEATH!

BONNET HELD THE POINT OF HIS SWORD AGAINST BLACKBEARD'S THROAT, BACKING HIM AGAINST A WALL...

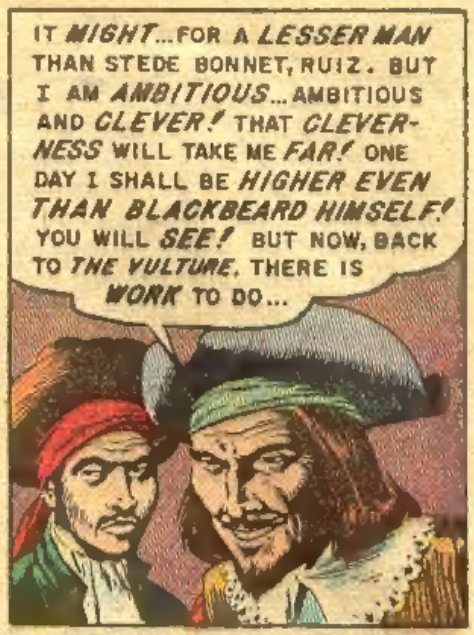
SO, CAPTAIN! THE CHOICE IS YOURS! WHICH SHALL IT BE? A SLIT THROAT... OR A PLACE IN YOUR FLEET FOR MY VULTURE...?

THE CHOICE IS SMALL! I HAVE NO WISH TO DIE! WE...WE SAIL WITH THE EARLY TIDE!

GOOD! UNTIL MORNING, THEN! COME, RUIZ!

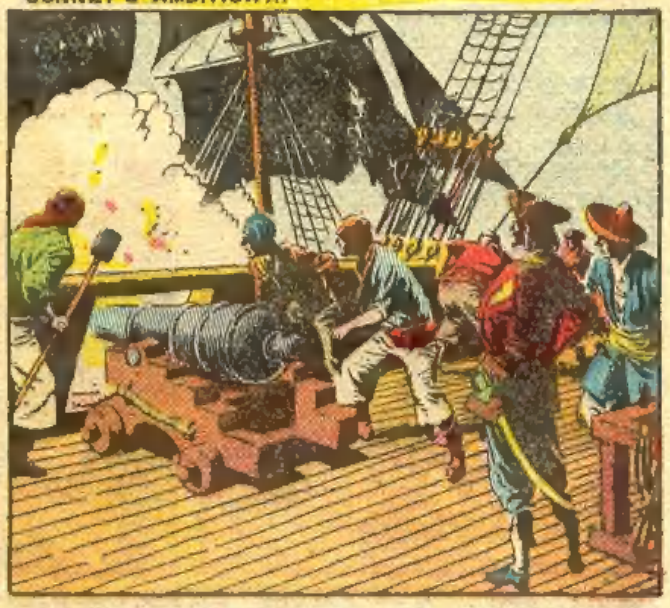
BLACKBEARD! BLACKBEARD OUTFOUGHT BY A GENTLEMAN-TURNED-BUCCANEER...BY A FOP SMELLING OF SCENT!

BLACKBEARD, INFURIATED BY THIS REMARK, SNATCHED A PISTOL FROM HIS BELT AND FIRED, SENDING A BALL INTO THE FACE OF THE PIRATE WHO HAD UTTERED IT...

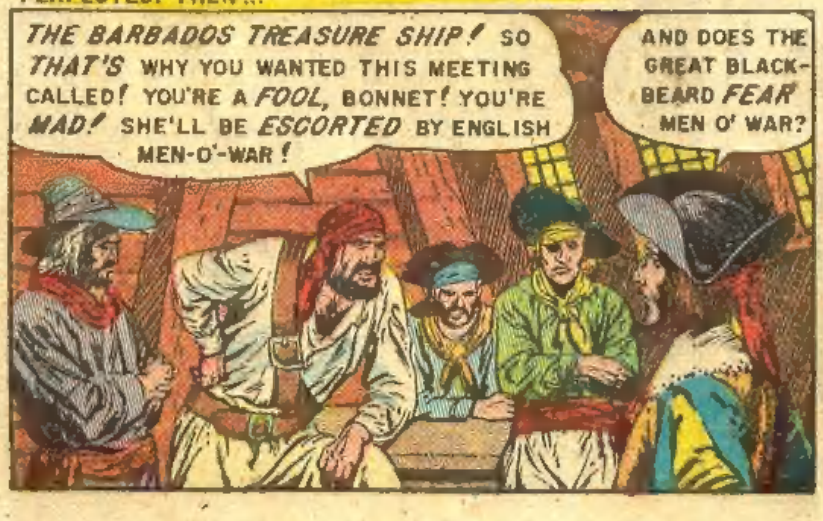


WORK?! ONLY THE TOSSING SEA COULD TELL OF THE WORK THEY DID IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED. ONLY THE GULLS HEARD THE SCREAMS OF DYING MEN AND SAW THE GUTTED HULKS LEFT TO BLAZE AND SINK...

ONE DAY, PERHAPS! BUT MEANWHILE, THERE WERE THE MERCHANTMEN...THE PLATE SHIPS...FODDER FOR BONNET'S AMBITION...

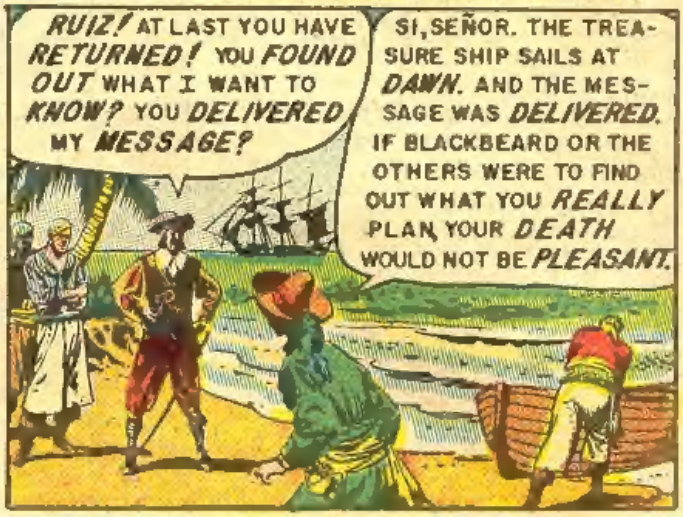


THERE WAS A YEAR OF THAT...A YEAR IN WHICH BONNET CLIMBED FAST UNTIL HE WAS SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE PIRATE FLEET... A YEAR IN WHICH TO PLAN AND SCHEME UNTIL HIS PLANS WERE PERFECTED. THEN...



THE OTHER CAPTAINS OF THE FLEET LOOKED AT EACH OTHER...

BUT STEDE BONNET WAS NO FOOL. A DOZEN VESSELS, BRISTLING WITH GUNS, MADE RENDEZVOUS LATER IN A SHELTERED COVE ON THE WILD BARBADOS COAST. AND THE LAST LINK IN A CAREFUL PLAN WAS FORGED...



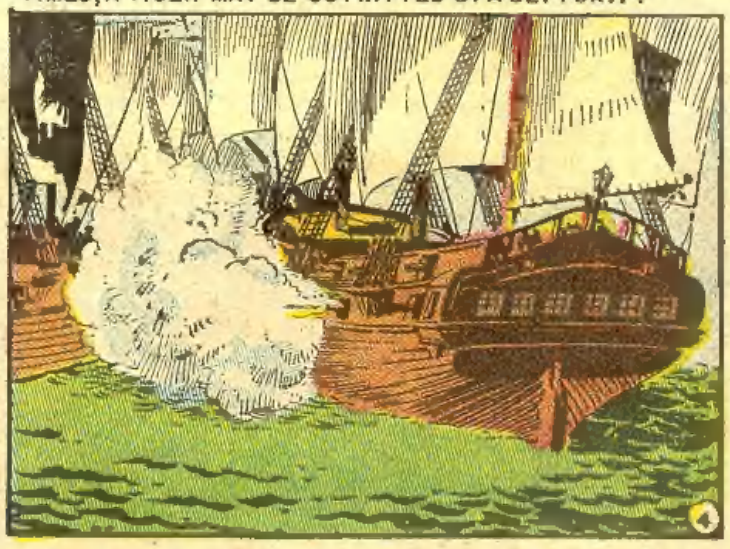
STEDE BONNET SMILED...AN EVIL CONNIVING DEVILISH SMILE... A SMILE THAT BARED ILL FOR SOMEONE.

THEN HE TURNED AWAY...

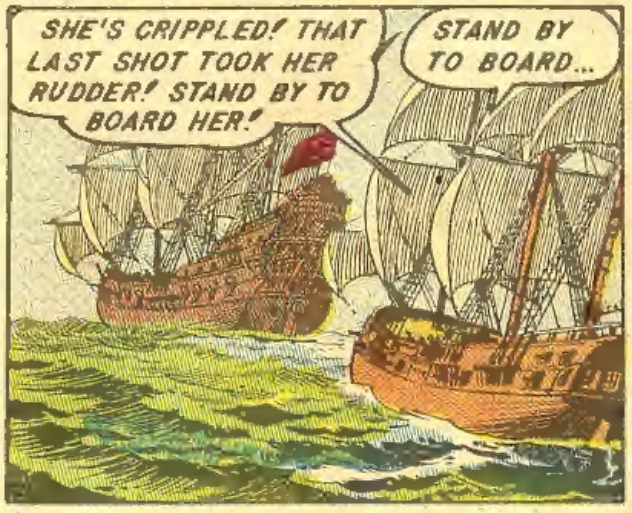
SUCH SIMPLE PLANS. WAIT AT SEA FOR THE LAMB TO BE SLAUGHTERED...

WAIT... AND THEN MOVE CLOSE. ATTACK WHILE *THE VULTURE* HANGS BACK...A SPECK UPON THE DISTANT HORIZON...

CANNON ROARED. MUSKETS HISSED AND BARKED. DECKS WERE RAKED. MEN DIED SCREAMING. THE BRITISH MEN O' WAR WERE LIKE TIGERS, PURSUING THEIR PREY. BUT SOMETIMES, A TIGER MAY BE OUTWITTED BY A SLY FOX...



CANNONS ROARING, SPITTING FLAME AND IRON DEATH, *THE VULTURE* BORE DOWN ON THE ABANDONED TREASURE SHIP...ABANDONED BY THE MEN-O'-WAR WHO WERE DISAPPEARING OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON, LOCKED IN COMBAT WITH THE DECOY PIRATE SHIPS...



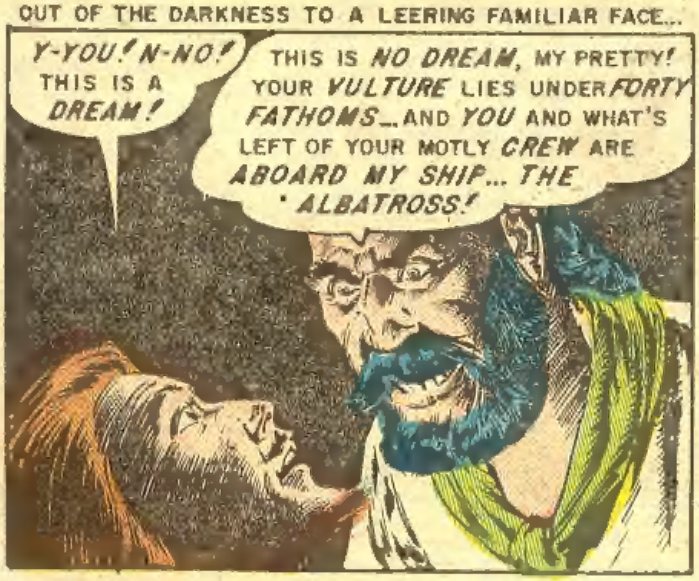
A HUNDRED WOLVES AGAINST TWENTY SHEEP. IT DID NOT TAKE LONG FOR THE SLAUGHTER...

LONG HOURS LATER, WITH THE TREASURE OF THE BARBADOS SAFELY ABOARD *THE VULTURE* AND THE HOMEWARD-BOUND VOYAGE TO *TORTUGA* BEGUN, STEDE BONNET SMILED...

SUDDENLY A SCREAMING IRON BALL SMASHED THROUGH *THE VULTURE'S* CABIN, SENDING BONNET AND RUIZ FLYING IN A FLURRY OF GOLD AND WRECKAGE...

THE QUESTION HUNG UNANSWERED AS STEDE BONNET SAGGED AND SUNK SWIFTLY DOWNWARD UNDER A TIDE OF DARKNESS... INTO THE SEA OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

HE KNEW NOTHING UNTIL HE CLAWED HIS WAY BACK OUT OF THE DARKNESS TO A LEERING FAMILIAR FACE...



STEDE BONNET SHOOK HIS HEAD, TRYING TO CLEAR THE COBWEBS... TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT...

SUDDENLY A CRY CAME FROM MASTHEAD...

BUT THE CRY CAME AGAIN... AND STEDE BONNET BEGAN TO LAUGH...

AND SO IT WAS THAT THE TWO MEN WHO'D WISHED DEATH UPON EACH OTHER CROUCHED SHOULDER TO SHOULDER BEHIND SPLINTERING GUNWHALES AS THE ALBATROSS'S DECKS WERE RAKED WITH BRITISH CANNON AND MUSKET SHOT...

SOON THE BRITISH MAN-O'-WAR WAS ALONGSIDE AND GRAPPLING NETS WERE FLYING INTO THE ALBATROSSES'S RIGGING...

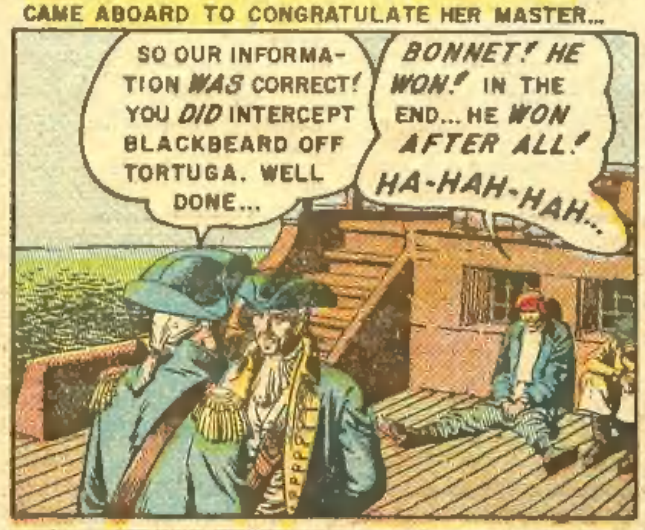
GUESTS, INDEED! UNINVITED GUESTS! GUESTS WHO HACKED AND SLASHED! DISCIPLINED GUESTS WHO KNEW WHAT THEY WERE ABOUT POURED ABOARD THE ALBATROSS... SUPPORTED BY THE ARMED MARINES PERCHED IN THE MAN-O'-WAR'S RIGGINGS...

BLACKBEARD WENT DOWN WITH A VOLLEY OF MUSKET BALLS IN HIS BACK...

AN INSTANT LATER, BONNET FOLLOWED, HIS SKULL SPLIT OPEN BY A CUTLASS...

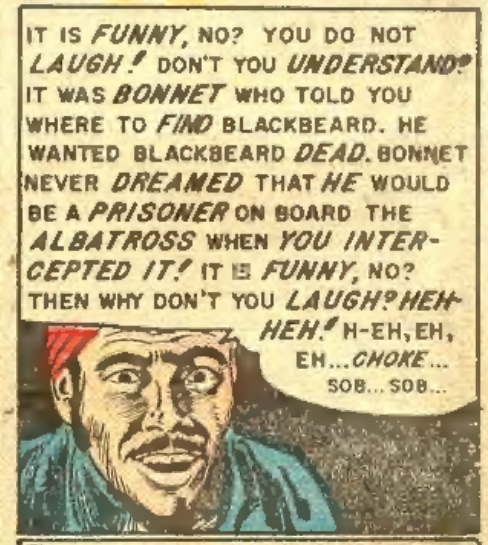
...AND THE BATTLE WAS SOON OVER...

THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE *END* OF THE STORY. BUT THE END WAS YET TO BE TOLD. THERE WAS STILL THAT DAY IN PORT TO COME WHEN THE MAN-O-WAR LANDED AND AN ADMIRAL CAME ABOARD TO CONGRATULATE HER MASTER...



IT WAS JUAN RUIZ, DIRTY AND CLAD IN CHAINS, WHOSE HIGH PITCHED CACKLE DRIFTED ACROSS THE DECK...

JUAN RUIZ POINTED UP AT STEDE BONNET, SWINGING IN THE WIND...



IT ENDED AS IT BEGAN... WITH LAUGHTER... A SAD, ALMOST MANIACAL KIND OF IRONIC LAUGHTER.

SCUTTLEBUTT

As of this writing, PIRACY has been on sale a little over a week, and the letters are beginning to pour in. Since SCUTTLEBUTT is your column for gripes, groans, compliments and suggestions, here is a sampling of your opinions:

Dear Editors,

Congratulations! PIRACY is the most enjoyable and realistic mag about the sea that we have ever read. The cover by Woody was the best we've ever seen him do. In fact, the whole cover format is fascinating. In our opinion, the only other mag that is as good as PIRACY is WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY. When we finished the first story, we were taken completely by surprise. Before we read it, we didn't think you could do it, but you actually had shock endings for your stories. The book was great, and if the succeeding issues of PIRACY are as good as the first, you'll always be sure of a sell-out.

Joe Langlois
Ralph Cavaliere
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . You've done it again! You've managed to come out with another wonderful E.C. mag! PIRACY, I think, is going to be a big hit with the bilge-rats who like sea stories, as well as the landlubbers who don't. *Shanghaied* kept me in suspense all through the story wondering what the Capt. would do to the slob that had shanghaied him. For the first issue of a new mag, you've done a superb job!

Ray Wells
Bloomington, Ill.

. . . I have just finished your new mag PIRACY, and I thought I'd drop a line to tell you what I think of it. It's a great comic mag. It really has what I've been looking for—real sea adventures. I like stories about the sea, so I'm sure I'll enjoy every issue.

Jay Mitchell
Shrewsbury, W. Vir.

. . . I like your mag, but now how about some modern sea stories? I especially like submarine stories.

Mike Oliveri
Washington, D.C.

You get your wish in this ish, Mike! Catch Krigstein's "Nazi U-Boat." It's really bubbly.—ed.

. . . So you bilge-rats came up with another great mag. So what? So I'll bet my sea pay that the newsstands will be swamped with cheap imitations by the next tide. You can't win.

Jerry James
Atlanta, Geo.

. . . Just finished your first issue of PIRACY, and all I can say is WOW! I don't know much about sea stories, so this question might sound stupid to you, but I would like to know if any of the stories in the first issue are true.

Paul Cummins
N. Kansas City, Mo.

Naah! We made 'em up!—ed.

. . . You got a super-duper new mag! I got a kick out of the front cover design and the stories inside. Good luck.

Don Cunningham
ECFA 4831
Hot Springs, Ark.

. . . Congrats on your new mag. It's great.

Fred Timson
ECFA 11,437
Inglewood, Calif.

. . . Just finished reading your new mag and I think it is the finest, the most accurate, and the most bloodthirsty I've ever enjoyed. I hope that in time it will be changed from a bi-monthly to a monthly.

Mike Tarantino
Atlanta, Geo.

. . . Enjoyed every moment of your PIRACY mag. A great debut! Just keep on printing them.

L. Salinsky
N. Y. C.

. . . I would like to know if you can tell me any facts about a certain pirate ship called The Black Falcon.

Charles Wakeman
Devon, Conn.

Never heard of the tub!—ed.

. . . Wherever you've been hiding, and whatall you've been doing, you sure got the true picture of the sea—not crusted up with romance and glory and all that bilge.

Benson Blackbeard
Salt Lake City, Utah

. . . Frankly, boys, I don't see how you can put together a finer collection of sea stories than you have assembled in your very first issue. But try, anyway, in future issues; you guys at E.C. are noted for doing the impossible. Thanks for an entirely new kind of reading experience. Only E.C. could have done it.

Wayne Lemen
Holton, Ind.

. . . PIRACY will keep you at the top of comic mag enjoyment.

Bob Holman
Electra, Texas

. . . I think PIRACY stinks!

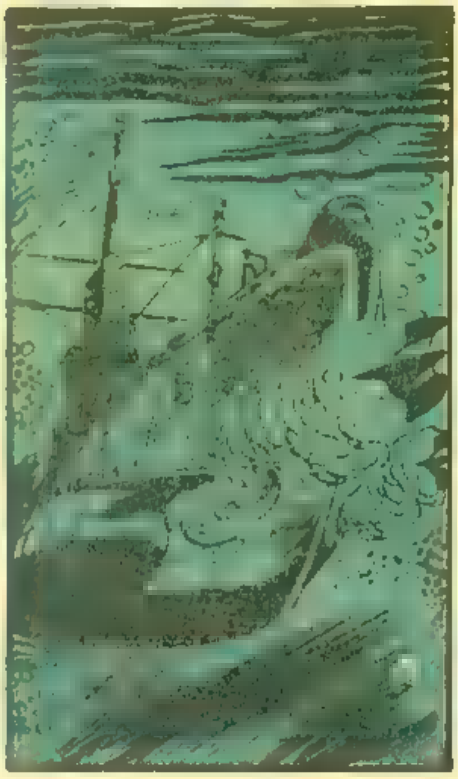
Gerard Robbins
Harrisburg, Pa.

Well, that's it! Subscriptions to PIRACY . . . one buck each . . . eight issues . . . manila envelopes! Please keep writing . . . your letters are always welcome! After all, you're the ones we're trying to please . . . so let us know what you like and what you want to see in PIRACY! The address for mail and sub orders is:

Seasick Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

卐 U-BOAT

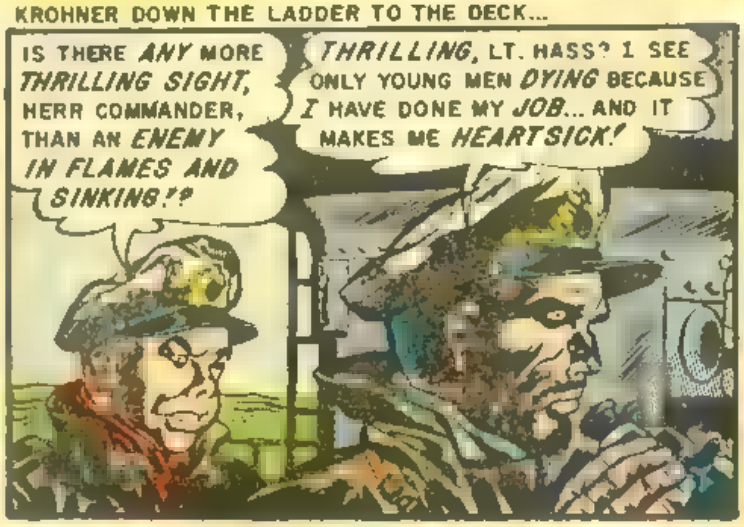
TWIN STEEL CIGAR-SHAPES RIPPED FROM THE SHADOWY SUBMERGED HUNTER AND SLICED THROUGH THE GLASSY TURQUOISE SEA...



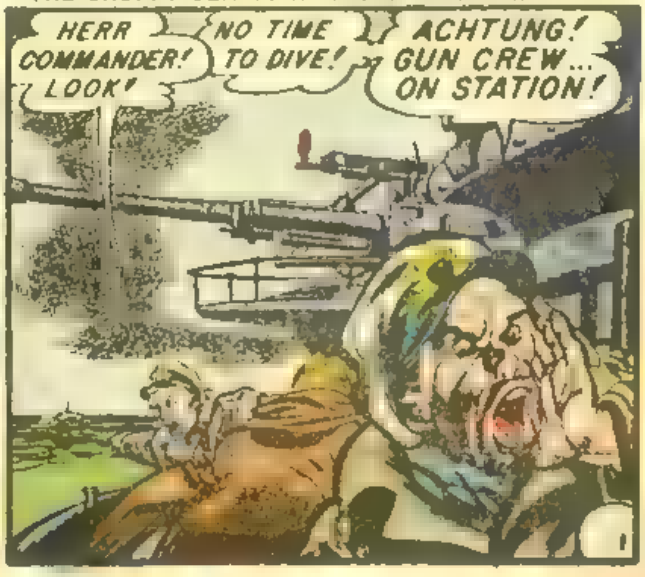
...THEIR NEAT WHITE PARALLEL WAKES CHURNING, ROILING THE QUIET BRINE. AHEAD LUMBERED THE HELPLESS PREY...THE LIBERTY SHIP *HENRY POWERS*... LOOMING LIKE SOME ELEPHANTINE MONSTER AGAINST THE HORIZON, PINNED BY THE CROSS-LINES ON THE HUNTER'S PERISCOPE, ABLE ONLY TO LIE IN WAIT FOR DEATH...

AND WHEN DEATH STRUCK, THE GREAT HULK ROSE FROM THE SEA WITH A SCREAMING, PAINFUL, ANIMAL ROAR...

THEN THE HUNTER...THE U-37...CREPT FROM ITS UNDERSEA HIDING PLACE AND SURFACED. THE HATCH ON THE CONNING TOWER OPENED... AND A FIGURE APPEARED...THEN ANOTHER. LT. HEINRICH HASS FOLLOWED COMMANDER ERIC VON KROHNER DOWN THE LADDER TO THE DECK...



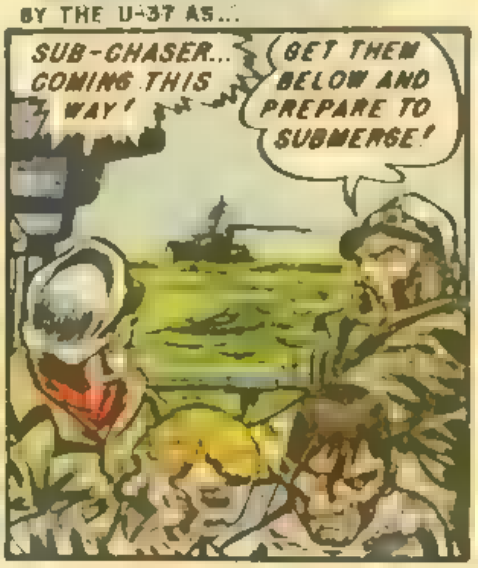
SUDDENLY, A P.T. BOAT APPEARED FROM NOWHERE, HURLING ITSELF VINDICTIVELY THROUGH THE CHOPPY SEA TOWARD THE SURFACED U-BOAT...



THE P.T. BOAT CAME HEAD-ON AS THE U-BOAT'S GUN CREW SCRAMBLED TO ITS POSITION. THE DECK GUN BARKED TWICE, STRADDLING THE WOULD-BE AVENGER...

THE THIRD SHOT FOUND ITS MARK. THE P.T. BOAT EXPLODED WITH A ROAR, HURLING STEEL AND FLESH INTO THE SEA

THE TWO TATTERED AND BURNED AMERICAN SAILORS WERE PICKED UP BY THE U-37 AS...



THE U-BOAT FILLED ITS BALLASTS AND DIVED. THE SUB-CHASER... THUNDERING OVERHEAD...JETTISONED TWO "ASHCANS"...

MOMENTS LATER, TWO MUFFLED, CRUSHING BLASTS ROCKED THE U-37

...AND SHE SANK LIKE A WOUNDED TIGER...SETTLING ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

COMMANDER VON KROHNER NODDED AND RETIRED TO HIS QUARTERS TO WAIT, LEAVING THE GRIM-FACED, SNEERING LT. HASS TO QUESTION THE PRISONERS...

...FOR THE *LAST TIME!* I WANT THE *NUMBER OF SHIPS IN THE CONVOY*... THE NUMBER OF *ESCORTS*... THE *DESTINATION*...

SEAMAN FIRST-CLASS *WILLIAM TOMPKINS*, SERIAL NUMBER A33137495...

SEAMAN FIRST-CLASS *JAMES LYONS*, SERIAL NUMBER N41770293.

COME, NOW, GENTLEMEN! WE *NAZIS* ARE LIKE *YOURSELVES*, EAGER TO RETURN TO OUR *FAMILIES*, EAGER TO GET THIS WAR *OVER WITH!* WE NAZIS *CANNOT LOSE*, YOU KNOW...SO...

...SO, AS LONG AS YOU *CAN'T LOSE*, WHY BOTHER ASKING ANY MORE *QUESTIONS*, MAC?

LT. HASS, SENSING THE INWARD AMUSEMENT OF HIS OWN CREW, GREW RED WITH RAGE. HE SPAT IN THE SEAMAN'S FACE...

DOG! PHTEW! *AMERICAN DOG!*

THE AMERICAN'S FIST CAUGHT THE NAZI OFFICER SQUARELY...

HE LAY SPRAWLED ON THE SUB'S PLATES, SCREAMING AT THE THUNDERSTRUCK CREW...

TEAR HIM APART! I ORDER IT... IN THE NAME OF THE *FUEHRER!* *TEAR HIM APART!*

THE CREW HESITATED. THE LIEUTENANT SCREAMED. COMMANDER VON KROHNER APPEARED THEN...

ACHTUNG!

LIEUTENANT HASS AROSE, SCOWLING.

I COULD NOT HELP BUT *OVERHEAR*, HERR LIEUTENANT! ARE WE *BARBARIANS* TO TREAT OUR PRISONERS OF WAR LIKE *ANIMALS?!*

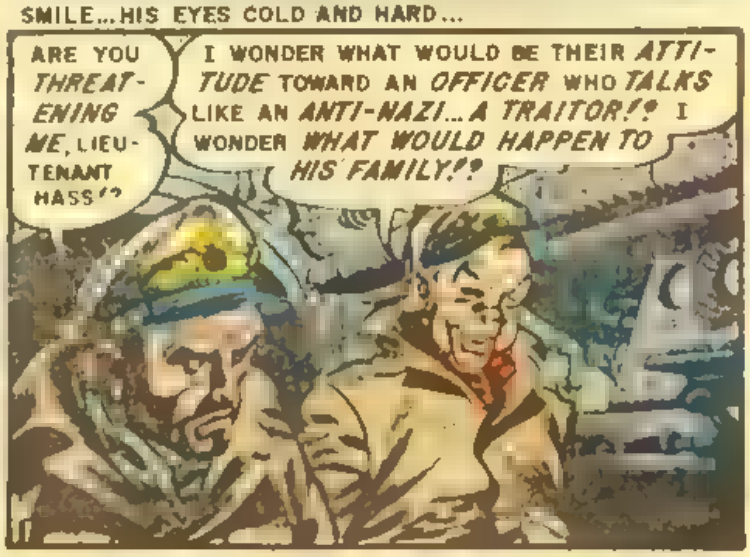
LIKE *MURDERERS*, HERR COMMANDER! I KNOW ONLY TOO WELL HOW THEY BUTCHER *THEIR* PRISONERS! SO, FOR *THEM*, THE *RULES* OF WAR *NO LONGER APPLY!*

THAT IS *ABSURD PROPOGANDA*, HERR LIEUTENANT! A *LIE!* I LIVED IN AMERICA FOR *FIVE YEARS*, AND I *SAW* FOR *MYSELF* THAT THEY ARE *NOT* A *CRUEL PEOPLE! NO*, LIEUTENANT! *LIES WILL NOT WIN US A WAR!*

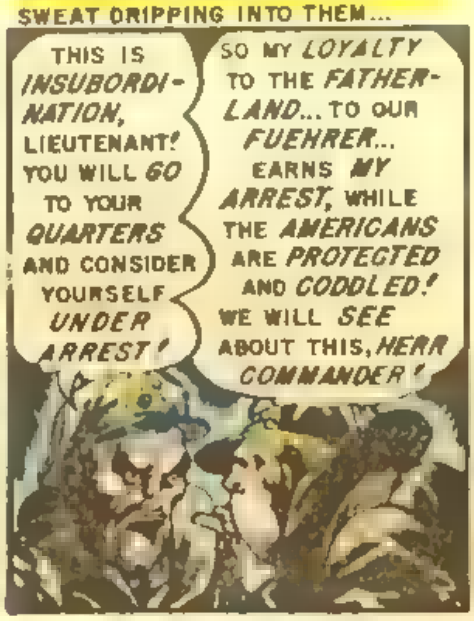
MY *INFORMATION* ABOUT *AMERICAN ATROCITIES* CAME FROM *MINISTER GOEBELS HIMSELF!* WOULD YOU CALL *HIM* A *LIAR?*

THE COMMANDER PRECEDED LT. HASS INTO HIS QUARTERS. HE STARED MOODILY AT THE YOUNG ARROGANT NAZI, THEN SNEERED...

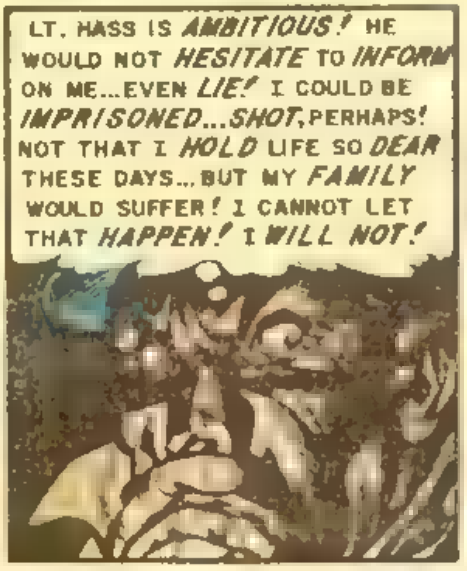
THE LIEUTENANT CLASPED HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND ROCKED TO AND FRO... HIS LIPS CURLED UP IN A WRY SMILE... HIS EYES COLD AND HARD...



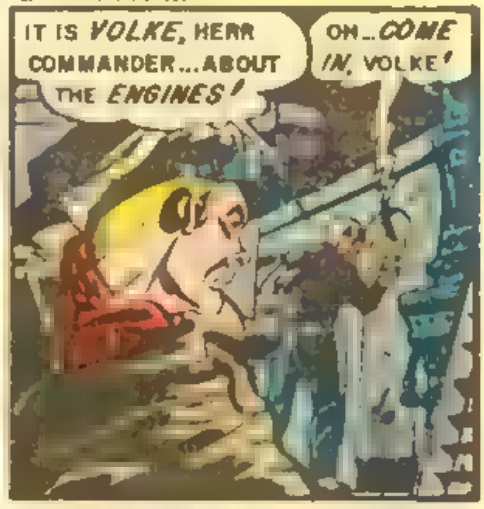
THE AIR HAD GROWN HOT AND CLOSE. THEIR EYES SMARTED WITH THE SWEAT DRIPPING INTO THEM...



COMMANDER VON KROHNER WAS ALONE NOW, AND HIS RAGE SUBSIDED... GIVING WAY TO GRAVE CONCERN...

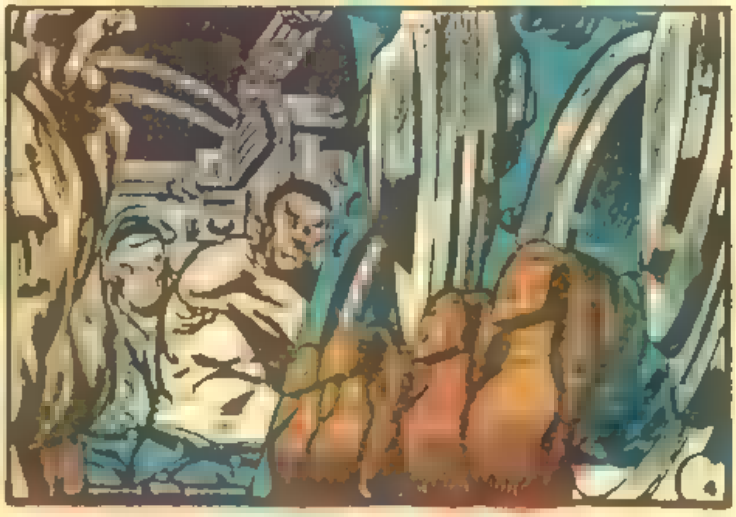


MEANWHILE, LT. HASS, ON HIS WAY TO HIS QUARTERS, PASSED HANS VOLKE, THE CHIEF ENGINEER, IN THE PASSAGEWAY. HE LISTENED AS VOLKE KNOCKED AT THE COMMANDER'S DOOR...



SOON AFTER, COMMANDER VON KROHNER APPEARED IN THE TORPEDO ROOM. THE CREW AND THE TWO AMERICAN PRISONERS HAD BEEN GATHERED THERE...

COMMANDER VON KROHNER DREW HIMSELF TO ATTENTION AND BARKED AN ORDER. THE CIRCULAR HATCH DOORS WERE SWUNG WIDE AND TWO CREWMEN CLIMBED, HEAD FIRST, INTO THE EMPTY TORPEDO TUBES...

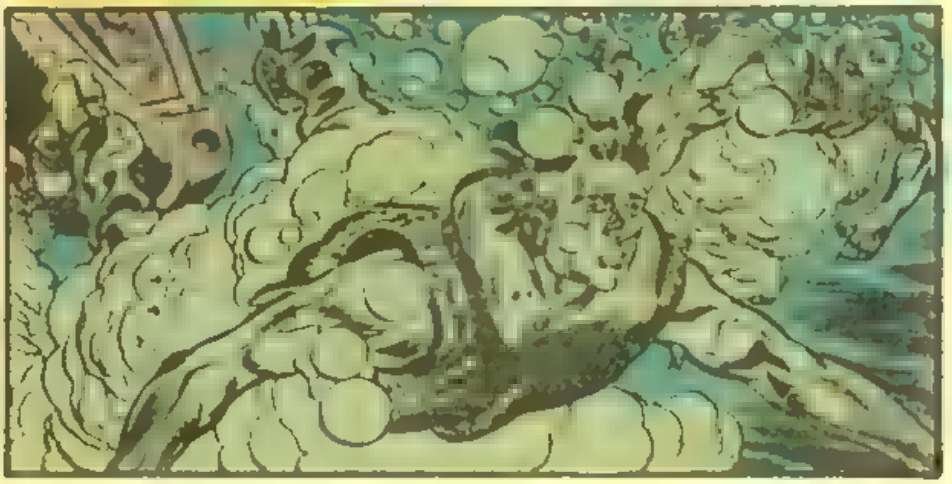


THE COMMANDER BARKED ANOTHER ORDER AND THE TWO GERMAN U-BOAT CREWMEN WERE "SHOT" TO THE SURFACE...

ANOTHER PAIR FOLLOWED...AND ANOTHER. ONLY THE CHIEF ENGINEER STOPPED TO QUESTION HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER...

THEN VOLKE WAS GONE AND ONLY COMMANDER VON KROHNER AND HIS TWO AMERICAN PRISONERS WERE LEFT. THEY...AND LIEUTENANT HEINRICH HASS...

COMMANDER VON KROHNER POINTED HIS GUN AT THE SEETHING YOUNG NAZI'S HEART. LT. HASS SCOWLED DARKLY, BUT HE RELUCTANTLY OBEYED HIS COMMANDER'S ORDER. ONE AMERICAN AFTER THE OTHER WAS SHOT FROM THE U-37...SQUEEZED UPWARD FROM TWENTY FATHOMS BY THE PRESSURE OF THE SEA



AND THEN THEY WERE ALONE...THE YOUNG NAZI AND HIS OLD-LINE COMMANDING OFFICER. THERE WAS COLD HATE IN THE STEEL GREY EYES OF LT. HASS AS HE TURNED TO COMMANDER VON KROHNER. THE STEAMING AIR OF THE U-BOAT WAS SUFFOCATINGLY CLOSE...

LT. HASS, HIS FISTS CLENCHED, HIS KNUCKLES WHITE, HIS LIPS CURLED IN A SNEER, TOOK A STEP TOWARDS HIS COMMANDER...

NO, LIEUTENANT! AS YOU WERE, OR BY GOD, I'LL FIRE! NO, LIEUTENANT, IT IS YOU WHO ARE THE TRAITORS! YOU NAZIS... WHO BETRAYED A NATION... A WHOLE WORLD... FOR THE GLORY OF A FEW GREEDY, BRUTAL MADMEN!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE PRUSSIAN! YOU ADMIRALTY MEN THRIVE ON WAR AND WHEN YOU THINK YOU MAY LOSE ONE, YOU LOOK AROUND FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME!

COMMANDER VON KROHNER SHRUGGED WITH DESPAIR AND TURNED SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE LIEUTENANT, DROPPING HIS GUN TO HIS SIDE. HASS'S HAND CREPT STEALTHILY TO THE LUGER HIDDEN IN HIS TUNIC...

WE THRIVE ON HONOR, LIEUTENANT! THIS WAR IS WITHOUT HONOR! IT IS A STUPID WAR... RUN BY STUPID LEADERS AND STUPID BLIND FOLLOWERS! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, LIEUTENANT! YOU ARE A GESTAPO OFFICER, ARE YOU NOT?

QUITE RIGHT, KROHNER YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER SERVEILLANCE FOR SOME TIME... YOU AND THE OTHERS WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOMB PLOT AGAINST OUR GLORIOUS FUEHRER!

COMMANDER VON KROHNER SAT DOWN WEARILY...

A PITY! A PITY IT DID NOT WORK! PERHAPS, BY NOW, GERMANY MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM SELF-DESTRUCTION... YOUR KIND OF BLIND, STUPID SELF-DESTRUCTION!

DROP YOUR GUN, KROHNER! FROM NOW ON, YOU ARE UNDER MY ORDERS!

YOUR ORDERS, HASS? BUT I HAVE BEEN UNDER YOUR ORDERS... YOUR STUBBORN, MANIACAL, NAZI-BEAST-ORDERS! IT'S YOUR ORDERS THAT WILL DESTROY GERMANY FOR US! YOUR STUPID, STUPID ORDERS!

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

STUPID! YOU NAZI'S ARE STUPID! BY DESTROYING OTHERS YOU WILL DESTROY YOURSELVES! STUPID! STUPID!

SWINE!

THE LUGER BARKED ONCE... TWICE... IN THE THICK ACRID LONELY AIR OF THE DESERTED SILENT U-BOAT. COMMANDER KROHNER SANK SLOWLY TO THE SWEATED DECK-PLATES... SMILING...

YOU SEE... LT. HASS? YOU NAZI'S ARE... STUPID! YOU DO... DESTROY... YOURSELVES... WHEN YOU... DESTROY... OTHERS...

NO! NO! GOTT IN HIMMELL! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT!

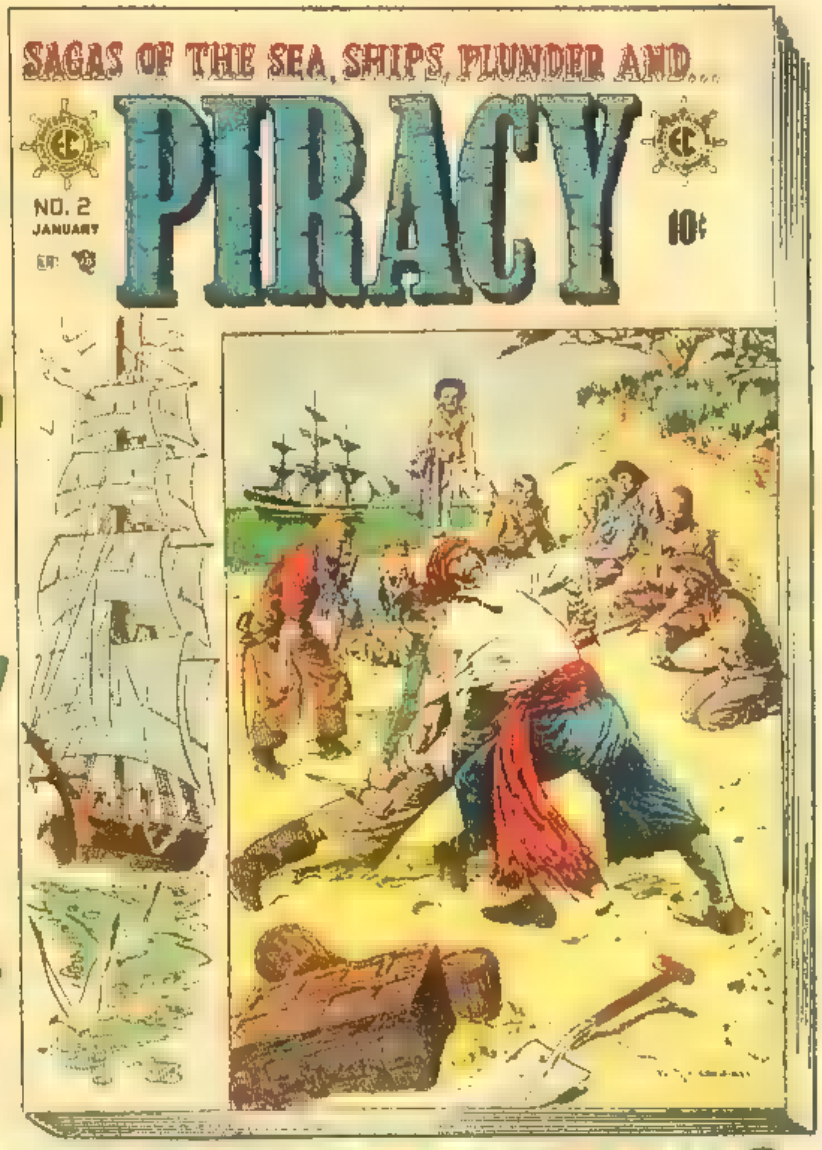
THE YOUNG NAZI STOOD OVER THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER... BEWILDERED... HELPLESS... WATCHING HIS LAST CHANCE AT LIFE FADE AWAY...

NOW, LIEUTENANT HASS! NOW, WHO WILL... SHOOT... YOU... FROM THE TORPEDO TUBES?

...AND THE EMPTY SILENT U-BOAT ECHOED WITH A SILENT KIND OF LAUGHTER...

THE END

WE KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY THE LUSTY, SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURES IN OUR NEW SEAGOING MAG! "PIRACY" IS A TREASURE CHEST OF SALTY SEA YARNS PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR *LOCAL NEWSSTAND,* MATES... DO A LITTLE *EXPLORING* THROUGH THE *REST OF THE BILGE*... AND *COMMANDEER* YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE *NOT* THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND WOULD RATHER *IMPORT* "PIRACY", YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SHIP OFF, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S *ONE BUCK,* LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M SHANGHAIED! HERE'S $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

THE BEAST

When Tony Lopez and Manuel Rico were old enough, they found work on the tuna fishing boats, as had their fathers before them. It was hard to tell when Tony and Manuel stopped being boys and became men; it might well have been when they both fell in love—with Nina del Gato. For a while the two men were still friends, but as the time drew near when Nina would choose between them, their rivalry grew bitter.

Tony and Manuel fished from the San Simeon which was named for the town from which they and the captain and all the crew came. The rivals were more irritable than usual this particular day, for the weekend had come and gone, and both were so busy making ready for the tuna run that neither had had a chance to see Nina. There was only time to race to the docks before the San Simeon cast off. But as the vessel chugged seaward, and Tony and Manuel stood astern and looked to shore, they saw Nina on the dock, waving. They waved back at her.

"Santisima!" growled Manuel, glaring at Tony. "She doesn't wave to you. Only to me!"

Tony's dark eyes flashed. "Don't be a fool, Manuel. You may as well know now—Nina is mine!"

There were more words, and the exchange grew more heated until only the interference of other crewmen prevented a fierce fight. "Caramba," cried one old-timer. "Save that foolishness for the land. It is more important to think of catching tuna!" So Tony and Manuel kept their distance until the San Simeon joined the rest of the fishing fleet, and there came the cry, "Tuna!" Then, for five full minutes the tuna ran so thick one just threw in the hook and heaved the fish into the hold. But suddenly the tuna were gone. The captain swore.

"It's that cursed Beast!" Every man aboard knew at once Capt. Gonzales referred to the shark, whose presence in the fishing grounds meant the end of fishing for them. The captain rushed to his cabin and returned quickly with a .30-:30 rifle. He pumped bullets at the Beast, but it dived for the deep. Every man aboard knew then that the Beast would stay with the boat, and that they'd catch no more tuna, while all the other boats would fill their holds to the overflowing. The San Simeon tried in vain to outrun the shark.

Before long, tempers grew short; for most men aboard the poor catch would mean empty larders at home. Now Tony and Manuel had time to think of themselves and of Nina. There came angry words again, and then the fight. It was noisy enough to bring Captain Gonzales from the cabin, but he was unable to stop the fight. They were at each other with handgaffs—sharp-pointed hooks with crossbar handles at the end of their short shanks. Yet the crew watched with cold indifference.

Except Captain Gonzales. "Stop them!" he gasped.

"Let them die," a fisherman said bitterly. "We'll be better off without them!" So the battle raged: Tony, though heavier, and slower, struck with mighty blows. Manuel, catlike, slashed with flashing speed, and dodged as quickly away. But suddenly Tony lunged to catch Manuel by surprise. Manuel dropped to one knee, and Tony's momentum carried him over the gunnel. The blood from Tony's wounds spread in the sea. It attracted the hated Beast—the monstrous shark. Manuel, who was at the rail, saw it coming. Without hesitation he vaulted into the water, his needle-sharp gaff in hand. He came down just under the shark and slashed with all his might. He felt the hook take hold in the thick hide; then he pulled back, and the gaff ripped open the belly of the Beast. There was a great churning of the sea as the shark heaved about in its dying agony. Then all was still, and the Beast sank and was no more. The crew cheered at the death of their enemy; they circled about and stopped to bring Manuel and Tony aboard.

They needed medical attention, and the captain headed for shore. Side by side now in the cabin, Tony held out his hand, and Manuel took it. They were friends again. They understood that it would be left to Nina del Gato to choose between them.

Nina was there when the San Simeon docked. She came aboard, and she wept at the sight of the two men who had fought almost to the death for her. Tony and Manuel looked at Nina.

"We were like foolish children, Nina," said Tony, "but only because we both love you so. But there is only one who can choose . . ."

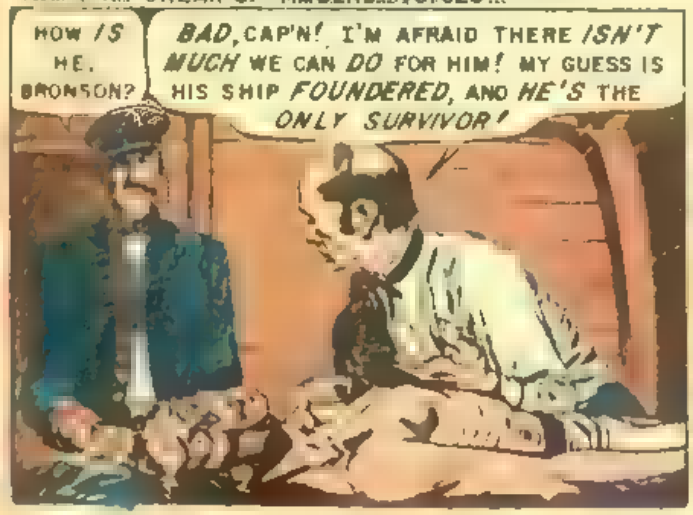
"Choose . . . ?" For a moment Nina was puzzled. And quickly she understood. "But—" she started, just as Captain Alonzo Gonzales entered the cabin. He had been standing in the doorway, and had heard. So he explained for Nina:

"—But," he said, "Nina has already chosen. Nina and I were married Saturday, in San Francisco. Por Dios! Don't tell me that is why you two were fighting . . . !" The captain shrugged, then turned and kissed Nina, and then they left the cabin, left Tony and Manuel, and they didn't look back.

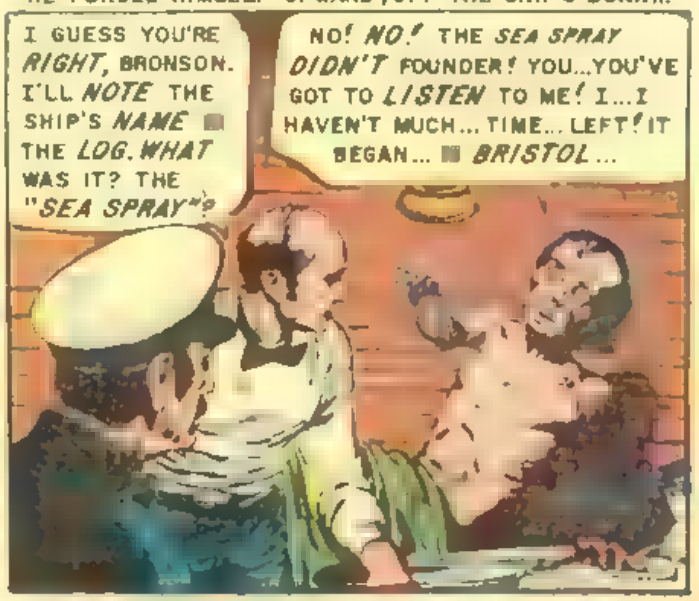
MOUSE TRAP

IT WAS ON THE MORNING OF HIS NINTH DAY ON THE OPEN SEA IN THE SMALL BOAT THAT MARTIN HAWLEY SAW THE CLIPPER SHIP, STUDDING-SAILS FLYING, BEARING DOWN UPON HIM. AND MARTIN SMILED. HE WAS NEARLY DONE...HIS SLIGHT, SUN-BLACKENED BODY MOVED ONLY AFTER AN AGONY OF EFFORT...HIS CRACKED LIPS PARTED ONLY TO REVEAL A SWOLLEN, THICKENED TONGUE...AND YET MARTIN SMILED, HORRIBLY. BECAUSE, EVEN NOW, THE POISON...THE HATE STILL WELLED WITHIN HIM...

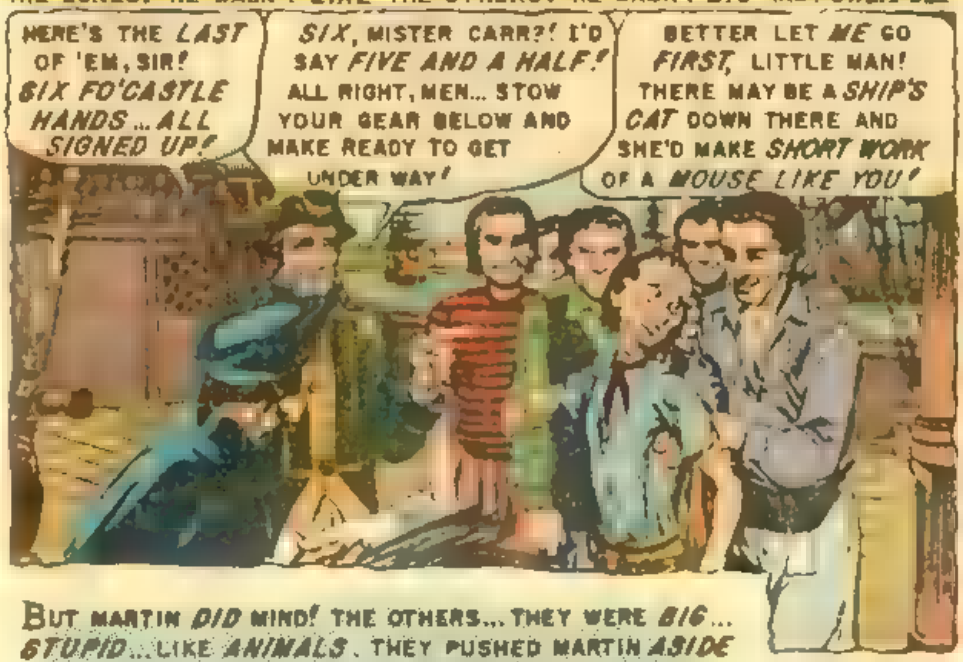
MARTIN WAS *DYING*. HE *KNEW* THAT. BUT *STILL* HE SMILED. THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE SUN PROBED WHITE-HOT FINGERS INTO HIS SKULL. HE SAGGED, AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. THEN, THERE WAS THE FAMILIAR CREAK OF TIMBERS...VOICES...



MARTIN HEARD THE VOICES AND HE TRIED TO RISE. HE FORCED HIMSELF UPWARD, OFF THE SHIP'S BUNK...



IT BEGAN IN BRISTOL. THE WET, GREY DRIZZLE SEEPED THROUGH CLOTHING LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE, AND MARTIN HAWLEY CURSED IT UNDER HIS BREATH. HIS BLOOD WAS THIN. HIS FLESH WAS TIGHT AND CLOSE TO HIS BONES. HE WASN'T *LIKE* THE OTHERS. HE WASN'T *BIG* AND *POWERFUL*...



A *MOUSE!* YES, *THAT WAS MARTIN!* HOW THE OTHERS *HOWLED* AT SAWYER'S JOKE. AND HOW MARTIN *HATED* THEM FOR IT. IT WASN'T *HIS* FAULT THAT HE WAS SMALL...

BUT MARTIN *DID* MIND! THE OTHERS... THEY WERE *BIG*... *STUPID*... LIKE *ANIMALS*. THEY PUSHED MARTIN *ASIDE* AND *FORGOT* HIM. THEY NEVER *KNEW* HOW MARTIN *HATED* THEM. THEY HARDLY *NOTICED* HIM AFTER THAT. NOT UNTIL ALMOST ONE MONTH LATER, WHEN...

THE OTHER MEN WERE ASSEMBLED ON DECK TO WITNESS THE BEATING. THEY MUTTERED AMONG THEMSELVES AS THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS FELL. NOT BECAUSE THEY *CARED* FOR *MARTIN HAWLEY*. MARTIN WAS A *NOBODY*... A *NOTHING*. WHAT *THEY* HATED WAS THE *LASH*...

BUT *MARTIN'S* HATRED WAS FOR THE *CAPTAIN*, THEN. HE WANTED TO SEE THE CAPTAIN DEAD, IN REVENGE FOR THIS WHIPPING METED OUT TO HIM. AND SO, SENSING THE CREW'S DISPLEASURE...

THEY CARRIED THE BRUISED AND BEATEN MARTIN HAWLEY TO THE FO'C'SLE AND HEARD HIS INSIDIOUS RAVING...
YOU'LL SEE! I'VE HEARD TALES! THE OLD MAN IS A DRIVER... A MAN-KILLER! WE'RE GOING ALL THE WAY TO CANTON! MARK MY WORDS! BEFORE WE ROUND CAPE HORN, SOME OF US WILL BE SHARK MEAT!
SO MARTIN PLANTED HIS SEEDS OF MISTRUST AND DISCONTENT AMONG THE CREW. AND THEN HE WATERED HIS SEEDS. NURTURED THEM...
PORK
IT WAS SO EASY! A BUCKET OF BILGE WATER IN THE PORK AND IT WAS DONE. THE FIRST STEP...
WORMS!
PHAH!
THIS SALT PORK IS CRAWLIN'!
WORMY PORK... BISCUITS CRAWLING WITH WEEVILS... MOLDY HARDTACK... SLIMY DRINKING WATER... MARTIN DID HIS WORK WELL! AND THE SEEDS OF ANGER GREW AND BLOOMED. MARTIN WASN'T AMONG THE DELEGATION WHICH WENT TO THE CAPTAIN AT LAST. HE WASN'T IMPORTANT ENOUGH. BUT HE COULD LAUGH INSIDE...
IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT IF THE STORES WENT BAD, THEY SAID! THAT MATE! HE WOULDN'T EVEN LISTEN! HE'D SING A DIFFERENT TUNE IF I COULD GET HIM ALONE, ASHORE!
AYE...
EVERYONE IGNORED MARTIN... EVEN THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE...
DID YOU HEAR THAT, SIR? LOOKS LIKE THE CREW'S OUT FOR MY NECK!
THE MEN ARE IN A BAD MOOD, CARR! I WOULDN'T PUT MUCH STOCK IN SAWYER'S ANGRY THREATS! SAILORS LIKE TO TALK! JUST SEE TO IT THAT THEY'RE KEPT BUSY! A BUSY SEAMAN ISN'T DANGEROUS!
NO, PERHAPS A BUSY SEAMAN ISN'T DANGEROUS. BUT A SEAMAN LIKE MARTIN HAWLEY COULD BE BUSY WITH HIS HANDS AND BUSY WITH HIS BRAINS AT THE SAME TIME... ESPECIALLY IF HE HATED DEEPLY ENOUGH... HARD ENOUGH...

I *KNEW IT!* I *TOLD* THE MATE THE *FOOTROPES* WERE *ROTTEN*. HE *LAUGHED* AT ME. HE SAID THE LINES WERE *SOUND*. I *TOLD YOU* SOME OF [redacted] WOULDN'T *LIVE* TO *REACH CANTON!*

THE BIG, HULKING FOOLS! LAUGH AT *HIM*, WOULD THEY? WELL MARTIN *USED* THEM AND THEY NEVER *GUESSED!* INSTEAD, THEY WHISPERED AND DREW INTO A HARD TIGHT KNOT. AND THEN, MARTIN PLAYED HIS FINAL CARD...

NO ONE HAD EVEN NOTICED MARTIN LEAVE THE FO'C'SLE AND RETURN. WHO NOTICES A SHADOW?...

ME!? YOU THINK *I MURDERED THE MATE!?*

THE *CAP'N* THINKS SO, SAWYER! THIS IS *YOUR KNIFE!* I'VE SEEN YOU USE IT A *HUNDRED TIMES!* DO YOU *DENY* THAT IT'S *YOURS?*

NO, BUT *I DIDN'T DO IT!* I'VE BEEN *HERE*... IN THE *FO'CASTLE*... *ALL EV'NIN'!* THE *OTHERS* WILL *SWEAR* TO IT. SOMEONE *ELSE* USED MY KNIFE!

WHO, SAWYER? *WHY? YOU HATED* THE MATE! *YOU'RE* THE MAN THE *REST* OF THE CREW *LOOK TO! YOU* THREATENED TO *GET* CARR!

BUT HE DIDN'T *DO* IT! HE *COULDN'T HAVE!* LEAVE HIM *BE!* WE *ALL* KNOW WHAT KIND OF A MAN THE *CAP'N* IS. HE'LL *HANG* SAWYER, *GUILTY OR NOT!*

THAT'S *RIGHT!* HOW DO I KNOW THE *CAP'N* DIDN'T KILL CARR FOR SOME REASON OF HIS *OWN?* HOW DO I KNOW *YOU* DIDN'T! *STAY BACK, I SAY!*

PUT THAT DOWN, SAWYER! I HAVE ORDERS TO PUT YOU IN IRONS AND, BY HEAVEN, I'M GOING TO *CARRY OUT* THOSE..

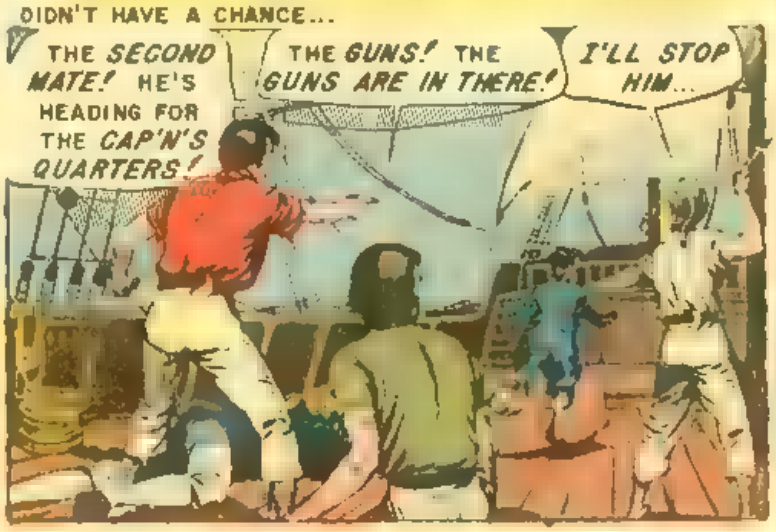
NO!

UNNNNNNNGGGG!

HE... HE'S *DEAD!* THIS IS *MUTINY!* THEY'LL HANG US *ALL!*

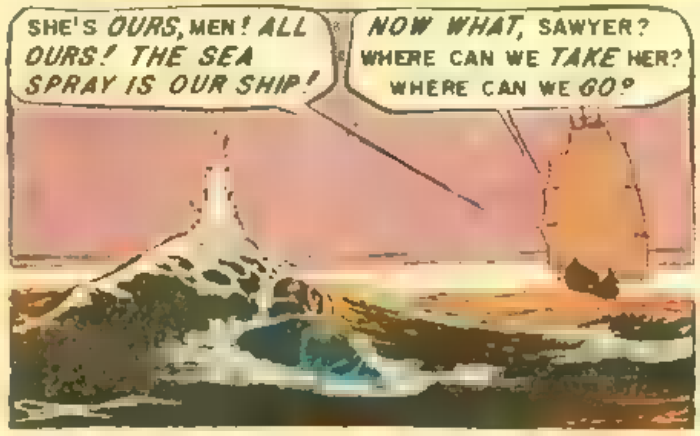
NOT IF WE DON'T *LET 'EM!* HOW MANY OF YOU WANT TO GO ON TO CANTON WITH A CAP'N WHO'LL *STARVE YOU* ON *ROTTEN SLOP* AND *KILL YOU* WITH *ROTTEN RIGGING?*

AND HOW MANY OF THEM WANTED TO STAND TRIAL FOR *MUTINY?* THE ANSWER WAS ... *NONE!* THEY HOWLED OUT OF THE FO'C'SLE EAGER FOR BLOOD AND THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...



RAZOR-HONED STEEL WHINED ACROSS THE DECKBOARDS AND THE SECOND MATE WAS STOPPED DEAD IN HIS TRACKS...

IT WAS OVER IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. THE CAPTAIN... THE SECOND MATE... THE BO'SUN WERE ALL DEAD. THERE'D BEEN A FIERCE TRIUMPH ■ MARTIN'S HOLLOW CHEST, BUT HE'D HIDDEN IT WELL. LATER, WHEN THE BLOOD-LUST IN THE MEN WANED...



YES, *WHERE?* BUT WHAT WAS *THAT* TO *MARTIN HAWLEY?* HE'D ACCOMPLISHED *HIS* MISSION. HE'D HAD NO *HAND* IN THE *MUTINY*. HE'D HUGGED *VICTORY* TO *HIMSELF* THAT DAY. HE'D LAIN IN HIS BUNK AFTERWARD, *GLOATING*, UNTIL...

THEY DRAGGED MARTIN FROM HIS BUNK...

WE DON'T *WANT* TO DO THIS, HAWLEY! WE HAVE NO *GRUDGE* AGAINST YOU! BUT *LIFE* ON A WILD ISLAND WILL BE *HARD!* YOU'RE THE *ONLY* MAN WHO'D HAVE NOTHING TO *OFFER*... WHO'D BE OF *NO VALUE*...

NO! *NO! YOU'RE WRONG!*

THEY DRAGGED HIM FROM THE FO'C'SLE...

YOU *NEED* ME! *DON'T! LISTEN TO ME!* YOU'RE ALL *BIG*... *STRONG!* BUT YOU NEED MY *BRAIN! PLEASE! DON'T*...

THEY DRAGGED HIM UP ON DECK...

LISTEN TO ME! EVERYTHING THAT *HAPPENED* WAS *BECAUSE* OF *ME!* I *MADE IT* HAPPEN! *I PUT BILGE WATER IN THE PORK... THE BISCUITS! THE TIME THAT FOOTROPE BROKE, I CUT IT! I KILLED THE FIRST MATE! LISTEN TO ME! NO... NO...*

IF THEY'D ONLY BEEN MORE *CLEVER*, THEY'D HAVE *SEEN* THAT MARTIN HAWLEY WAS TELLING THE *TRUTH!* BUT THEY *WEREN'T* AS CLEVER AS *HE* WAS. THEY DIDN'T *BELIEVE* HIM! HE WAS A *MOUSE*... A *NOTHING!* THEY SET HIM ADRIFT IN THE LONGBOAT WITH NO FOOD AND NO WATER...

YOU FOOLS! COME BACK! YOU NEED ME!

CRAZY LITTLE GUY... TRYING TO TAKE THE *BLAME* FOR EVERYTHING!

THAT LITTLE RUNT COULDN'T HURT A *FLY!*

THEN, THE *SEA SPRAY* WAS *GONE* AND THERE WAS NOTHING BUT *SUN*... HOT, BLAZING SUN... THE ENDLESS AGONIZING HORROR... THE HATRED BUILDING UP. AND *NOW... NOW* MARTIN HAWLEY COULD *SMILE!* HE'D PAY THEM *BACK*... THE MEN WHO'D *DONE* THIS TO HIM...

FIND THEM... HANG THEM

MARTIN SETTLED BACK DOWN ON THE BUNK, STARING UPWARD WITH WIDE, GLASSY, BLIND EYES... A HORRIBLE PARODY OF A SMILE ON HIS FACE...

HOW *IS* HE, BRONSON?

DEAD! WHATEVER IT IS HE *WANTED* TO TELL US, WE'LL *NEVER KNOW NOW!* IT MUST HAVE TAKEN HIS *LAST BIT OF STRENGTH TO REAR UP LIKE THAT!*

I COULD SEE HIS *LIPS MOVING* AS HE PUSHED HIMSELF UP AND THEN FELL BACK! I SUPPOSE HE *THOUGHT* HE WAS TALKING, POOR DEVIL. BUT *HE DIED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD!*

THE END

SLAVE SHIP

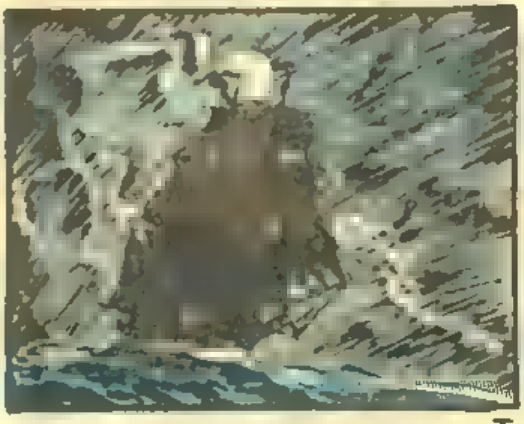
TOD ELLIS WAS SLOW IN COMING TO AND SLOWER IN GETTING UP. HIS HEAD THROBBED LIKE A KETTLE DRUM, AND A SICK FEELING IN HIS BELLY HAD HIM LOOKING AROUND FOR A CORNER IN WHICH TO HEAVE. IT SEEMED TO TOD AS IF THE STIFLING LITTLE ROOM HE WAS IN WAS SWAYING AND ROCKING GENTLY, AND THEN HE WAS *SURE* IT WAS WHEN HE SAW THE OIL LAMP DANGLING FROM THE CEILING SWINGING TO AND FRO. HE RACKED HIS TORTURED MIND, TRYING TO IDENTIFY THAT TANG IN THE STUFFY AIR, THAT SHUDDERING CREAK OF TIMBERS STRAINING AGAINST TIMBERS. NOW, SLOWLY AT FIRST, IT CAME TO HIM. TOD ELLIS WAS ON A SHIP...

HE STUMBLED TO THE DOOR AND FLUNG IT OPEN... STAGGERED DOWN A DIMLY-LIT NARROW PASSAGE THAT REEKED OF SWEAT AND BRINE AND THE DAMP, FETID ODOR OF ROTTING WOOD.

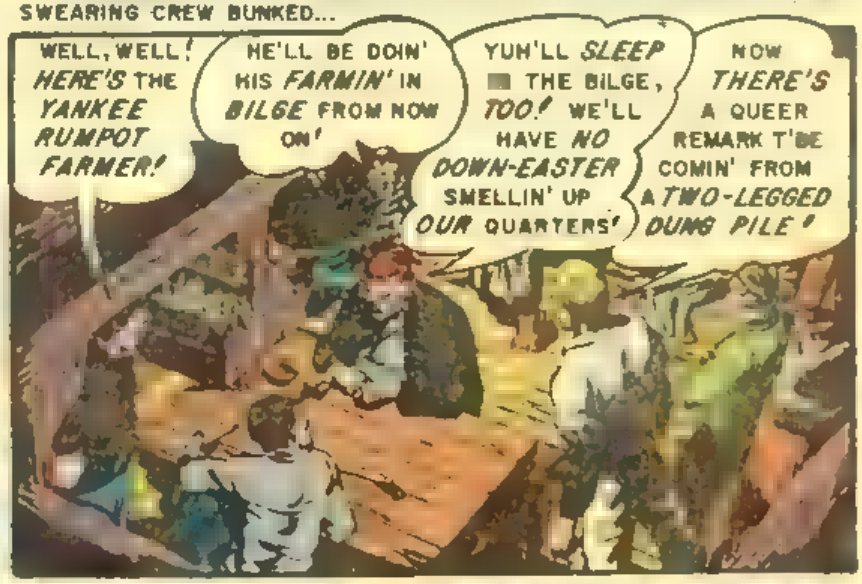
HE REACHED THE COMPANIONWAY AND LABORED TOPSIDE ON WEAK, WOBBLY LEGS. IT WAS NIGHT... A STARLESS NIGHT... BLACK AS PITCH. THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE SWISH OF THE SEA RUSHING BY AND THE WHINE OF THE WIND IN THE SAILS OVERHEAD. A WIRY, RAT-FACED MAN APPEARED THEN, SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS, STARTLING TOD...

TOD SWALLOWED HIS MOUNTING ANGER, SET HIS JAW, AND PUSHED PAST HIS MATE, GREER, WHO GRABBED HIS ARM IN A STEEL GRIP AND SPUN HIM AROUND...

THE MOON CREPT OUT FROM BEHIND THE GREY MOUNTAIN OF CLOUDS THEN, REFLECTING ON THE TOSSING SEA THAT STRETCHED AWAY IN ALL DIRECTIONS TO THE DISTANT HORIZON. A GREAT FURY AROSE IN TOD ELLIS'S BREAST, BUT HE CONTAINED IT THERE, BEING AWARE OF THE HELPLESSNESS OF HIS SITUATION...



TOD TURNED AND SLAMMED ACROSS THE DECK AND DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY TO THE FO'C'SLE, WHERE THE MEAN-LOOKING, DIRTY, SWEARING CREW BUNKED...



TOD'S FURY HAD SCREAMED FOR RELEASE, AND HERE, TOD HAD FOUND HIS OUTLET...

THE BRUTE, "BULL" HANSON, LET OUT AN ANGRY BELLOW AND CHARGED AT TOD...

TOD'S FIST MET THE ONRUSHING ANGRY SEAMAN HEAD ON, DRIVING DEEP INTO THE BIG MAN'S GUT...

CAUGHT COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, "BULL" DOUBLED UP IN PAIN, CLUTCHING HIS MIDDLE. TOD BROUGHT HIS CLASPED HANDS DOWN SAVAGELY ON THE BACK OF THE BRUTE'S NECK...

...THEN KICKED UPWARD WITH HIS KNEE, SMASHING IT INTO THAT UGLY, GROANING FACE...

THE BRUISER WENT DOWN LIKE A DYING ELEPHANT, SETTLING AWKWARDLY TO THE SPIT-STAINED DECK BOARDS, HIS NOSE SPURTING BLOOD, HIS LIPS SWELLING FAST, MINUS TWO TEETH HE'D HAD JUST SECONDS BEFORE

ANOTHER SEAMAN MADE A MOVE AND THE ENRAGED FARMER, STILL GIVING VENT TO HIS SPLEEN, GRABBED HIM.

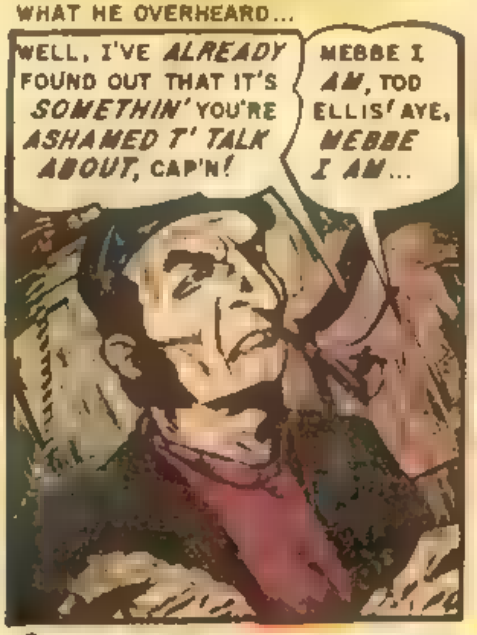
...HELD HIM ALOFT...

...AND FLUNG HIM, LIKE A PILE OF WET RAGS, AT THE ASTONISHED SAILORS...

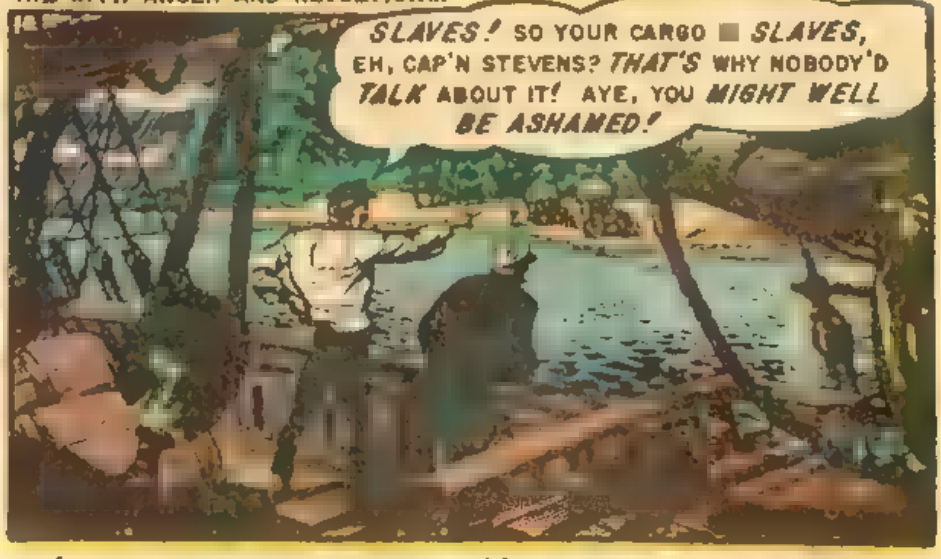
TOD WOULD HAVE FOUGHT THEM ALL, BUT A BELAYIN' PIN, SWUNG FROM BEHIND, CAME DOWN ON HIS SKULL, AND HE SANK INTO A MOTIONLESS HEAP...

FROM THEN ON, THE CREW GAVE THE FARMER HIS DUE RESPECT. BUT TOD CHAFED AT HIS PREDICAMENT, AND ONE DAY, HE SOUGHT OUT THE CAPTAIN, SAMUEL STEVENS...

OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, THE MATE, HARRY GREER, SCOWLED AT WHAT HE OVERHEARD...

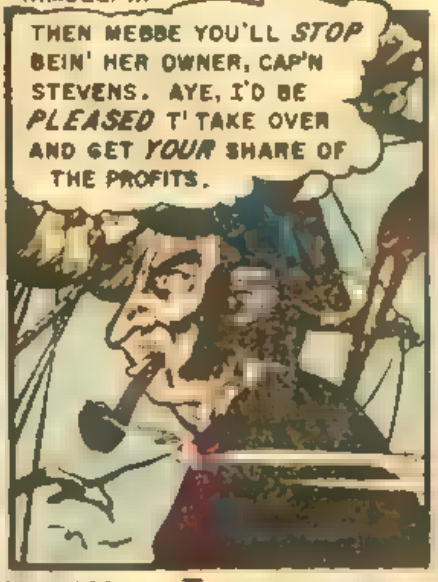


TOD WAS BELOW DECKS THAT EARLY MORNING [redacted] SEPTEMBER, 1810, WHEN HE HEARD THE RUSTY SQUEAL OF THE CAPSTAN AS THE CLANGING ANCHOR CHAIN PAID OUT. HE RUSHED TOPSIDE AND SAW THE DENSE LOFTY JUNGLES OF A LONELY AFRICA BEACH, AND THEN HE SAW A SIGHT THAT FILLED HIM WITH ANGER AND REVULTION...

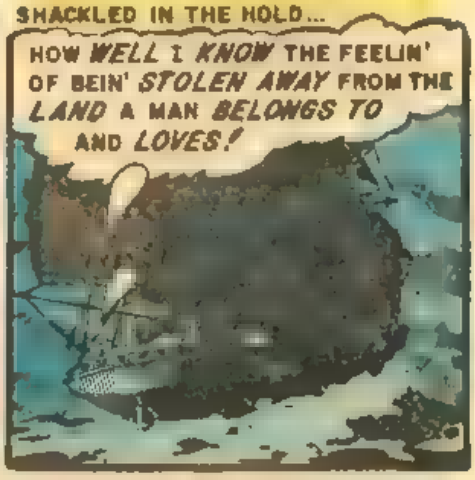


GREER AGAIN STOOD NEARBY, SPYING, LISTENING TO THE CAPTAIN'S SOFT, GUILTY REPLY...

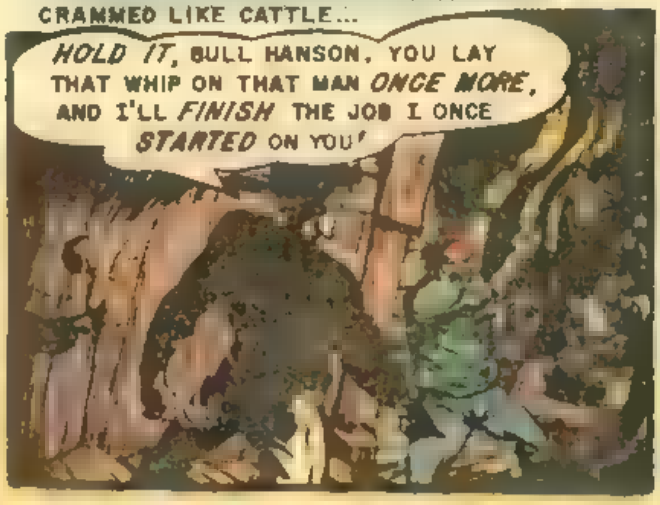
AND HARRY GREER THOUGHT TO HIMSELF...



MANY A NIGHT ON THE LONG RETURN VOYAGE, TOD ELLIS STOOD HIS LONELY WATCH AND HEARD, WITH HEAVY HEART, THE MOURNFUL CHANT OF THE HUMAN CARGO SHACKLED IN THE HOLD...



ONE NIGHT, WHILE IN HIS HAMMOCK, TOD HEARD THAT INCESSANT CHANT SUDDENLY CHANGE TO CRIES OF AGONY. HE DASHED TO THE SWEAT-DEFOULED HOLD WHERE THE SLAVES WERE CRAMMED LIKE CATTLE...



TOD SNATCHED THE WHIP AWAY. "BULL" GLOWERED [redacted] PROTEST...

"BULL" HANNON SULKED OFF. THEN TOD KNELT BESIDE THE AFRICAN GIANT AND SAW HOW THE HEAVY IRON ANKLE-SHACKLES HAD RUBBED RAW THE SWOLLEN FLESH...

HERE! LET ME *LOOSEN UP* ON THOSE *IRONS*, M'BWUNA. THEY MUST BE *KILLIN'* YOU!

HIS TORTURED FETTERS LOOSENED, M'BWUNA BARED WHITE, GLEAMING TEETH AT TOD IN A SMILE OF GRATITUDE. THE FARMER LOOKED AROUND SADLY AT THE SWEAT-STREAKED, EBONY BODIES BEFORE HE LEFT THE FOUL, REEKING PRISON...

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN! 'TIS A *SICKENIN', FRIGHTENIN' THING!*

TOD CAME ON DECK AND WAS PASSING BELOW THE QUARTER DECK WHEN HE HEARD ANGRY MUTTERING...

THAT'S WHAT I *SAID*, GREER! I'M CARRYIN' *NO MORE SLAVES* AFTER *THIS* TRIP! IF YE WANT TO GO *ON* THE DIRTY BUSINESS, YE'D BETTER FIND *ANOTHER* SHIP!

BUT I LIKE *THIS* SHIP, CAP'N! SHE'S *TRIM* AN' *FAST* AN' I'M GOIN' TO *STAY!*

TOD STOOD FROZEN, TOO HORRIFIED TO CRY OUT, AS THE MATE, HARRY GREER, MOVED SUDDENLY. HE SAW THE GLINT OF STEEL, HEARD THE DULL THUD...

...'AN I *WON'T* BE NEEDIN' *YOU!*

UNNNNNGG!

BEFORE THE CAPTAIN COULD SINK TO THE DECK, GREER SHOULDERED HIM OVER THE GUNNEL. THE BODY FLAILED DOWN PAST TOD ON THE WAY TO ITS WATERY GRAVE...

G'BYE, CAP'N! THE *ATLANTIC TRADER* IS *MINE*, NOW!

TOD RACED TO THE F'C'SLE AND APPRAISED THE CREW OF GREER'S ACTIONS. THEY SCRAMBLED TO THE QUARTERDECK AND CONFRONTED HIM.

ALL RIGHT! I'LL *NOT DENY IT!* I *GOT RID OF 'IM!* BUT LET ME TELL YE *WHY!* HE WAS *CHEATIN'* US...*LYIN'* TO US ABOUT THE *PROFITS*...KEEPIN' *MORE* THAN *HIS SHARE* FOR *HIMSELF!* NOW WE CAN *ALL* SPLIT IT. ARE YE *WITH ME?*

NOBODY MOVED! TOD WHIRLED, HIS FACE FLUSHED WITH ANGER...

YOU *FILTHY SCUM!* YOU CALL YOURSELVES *MEN!?* YOU THINK YOU'RE *FREE?! YOU'RE* NOTHIN' BUT *SLAVES YOURSELVES*...SLAVES TO YOUR *OWN GREED!* YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT *VILE PEDDLERS OF HUMAN FLESH!*

THE MEN SQUIRMED UNCOMFORTABLY. TOD TURNED TO GREER...

AND *YOU*, GREER, ARE A *ROTTEN LIAR!* YOU *MURDERED* CAP'N STEVENS BECAUSE THERE WAS *STILL* SOME *DECENCY* LEFT IN 'IM... BECAUSE HE WAS GOING TO *QUIT* SLAVIN' AFTER *THIS TRIP!*

ROTTEN LIAR, AM I?

THE CREW STOOD BACK, UNEASY, AS THE WILY MATE FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE MAINE FARMER, STAGGERING HIM WITH A SLASHING RIGHT...

CAUGHT UNAWARES, TOD SPRAWLED ON THE DECK, HIS HEAD SPINNING FROM THE SAVAGE BLOW. GREER STOOD OVER HIM, SLOWLY DRAWING HIS KNIFE..

MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD, M'BWUNA HAD BEEN WORKING PAINFULLY AT HIS LOOSENED SHACKLES, TRYING TO SLIP THEM OVER HIS FEET. HE PUSHED AND TWISTED, TEARING FLESH.

FINALLY, THE SHACKLES CAME AWAY. M'BWUNA WAS FREE. HE STOOD UP, HIS EYES BURNING WITH HATE AND LOATHING FOR HIS CAPTORS.

AND SLOWLY, HE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE CHAINED HUMANITY THAT WAS HIS PEOPLE TO THE LADDER LEADING UPWARD FROM THE HOLD.

ON DECK, GREER RAZED HIS KNIFE...SNARLING. TOD SHOOK HIS HEAD, TRYING TO CLEAR THE COBWEBS..

AS THE GLEAMING KNIFEBLADE STARTED ON ITS ARC DOWNWARD, A SLEEK, LITHE, EBONY FORM FLASHED PANTHERLIKE THROUGH THE AIR

THE KNIFE CLATTERED ACROSS THE DECK AND GREER COLLAPSED BENEATH THE BLACK GIANT'S OVERPOWERING WEIGHT...

HE TRIED TO RISE. THERE WAS A SICKENING, AUDIBLE, CRUNCHING OF BONE AS M'BWUNA WRAPPED HIS HUGE, POWERFUL ARMS AROUND HARRY GREER AND CRUSHED HIM TO DEATH...

THE TREACHEROUS MATE'S BODY SLIPPED TO THE DECK AND THE CREW SHRANK BACK IN SILENT AWE. TOD AND M'BWUNA FACED THEM...

NO ONE MOVED. TOD SMILED...

THE MEN SCRAMBLED BELOW. TOD TURNED TO M'BWUNA AND SMILED AND EXTENDED HIS HAND. THE EBONY GIANT HESITATED, THEN UNDERSTOOD AND TOOK IT IN HIS HUGE PAW...

WHEN MORNING CAME, THE FREED CAPTIVES SAT ON THE WARM DECK, SOAKING UP THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND GIVING VOICE TO A JOYOUS CHANT. THE YANKEE FARMER STOOD BESIDE THE HELM, SURVEYING THE SCENE. THEN HE TURNED TO THE HELMSMEN...

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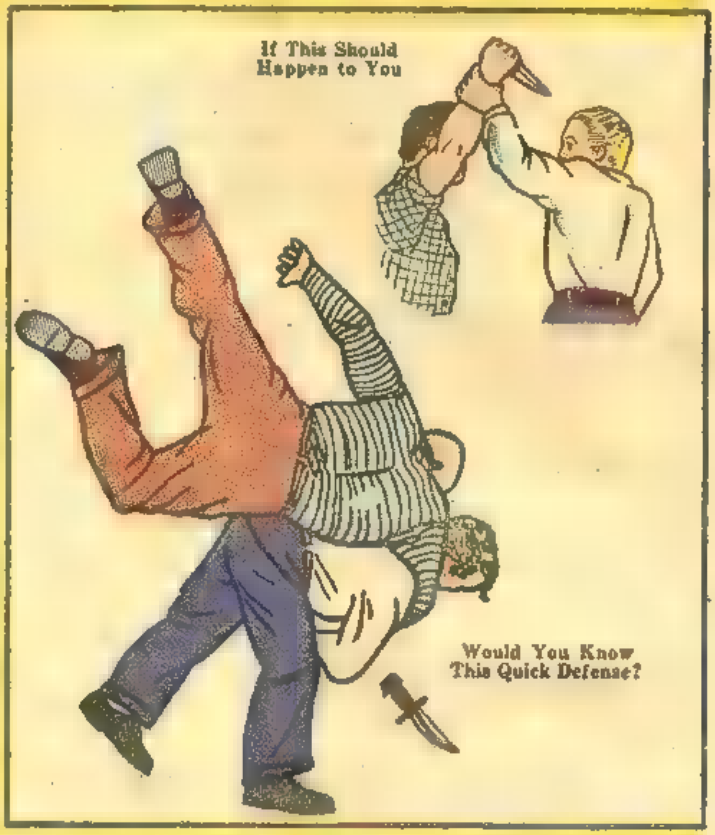

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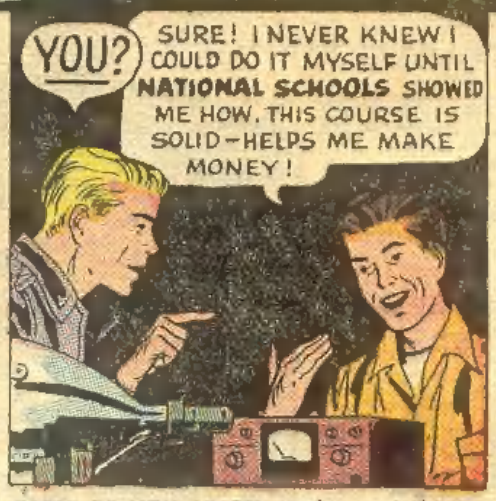

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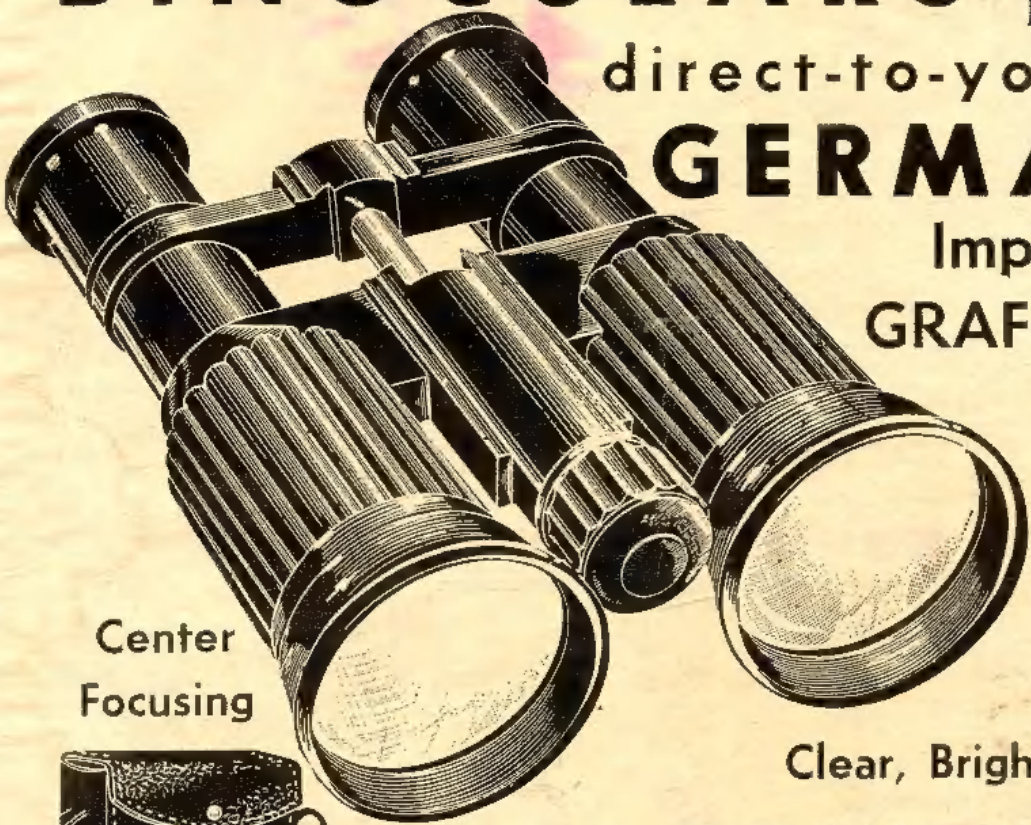

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